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'A book is never a masterpiece: it becomes one. Genius is the talent of a deadman.'

From a forthcoming selection from the *GONCOURT Journal*, translated by ROBERT BALDICK.

## THE IMPOSTER OF CANTERBURY

[On 31 May 1838 a lunatic named John Tom who masqueraded as Sir William Courtenay murdered a village constable sent to arrest him near Dunkirk in Kent. Later that day he led a band of deluded rustics into a fight with the military in Bossenden Wood, in which eleven more lives were lost, including his own. The remarkable story of John Tom and the almost hypnotic power he exercised in Canterbury is now told in full for the first time. It is a fascinating excursion in early nineteenth-century history.]

'... THE conditions prevailing in the country in general and in Kent in particular in the 1830's were a continuous spur to riotous conduct. Canterbury was the centre of an agricultural area, and so could not remain unaffected by the agrarian distress and discontent which resulted in widespread riots in the county in the latter part of 1830. These were largely due to the introduction of threshing-machines by several big farmers in Kent. Under the old system of threshing by hand the farm-labourers had found employment during the winter: but the new machines threatened to do away with this employment, or at least to reduce it very much.

'In desperation the farm-labourers roamed about burning haystacks and destroying the new threshing-machines wherever they could lay their hands upon them. "The whole of East Kent", *The Times* reported on 30 October 1830, "was thrown into a state of indescribable anxiety and terror"; and the situation around Canterbury at this time was so bad that troops were called out to patrol the villages and country roads at night. Sometimes, during a single night, from the top of the Dane John in the city as many as four or five blazing farms or cornstacks could be seen; and, to a generation which vividly remembered the excesses of the French Revolution, the incendiaries must have seemed a serious threat to the established order.





*John A Tom*

---

*Percy. Honeywood, Courtenay*  
*Knight of Malta*

JOHN TOM, OR SIR WILLIAM PERCY HONEYWOOD COURTENAY

(from *The Life and Extraordinary Adventures of Sir William Courtenay*, 1838)

*A plate from Battle in Bossenden Wood*

'Yet the reaction of many of the citizens of Canterbury, and indeed of a good many farmers too, was not to condemn the riotous farm-labourers out of hand, but rather to complain that the real causes of the trouble were the big landowners, who took excessive rents, and the Church of England, which exacted an undue amount of tithes. . . . The mob wanted only a pretext to demonstrate its hatred of the leaders of the Established Church.

'The occasion presented itself at the beginning of August 1832, just before John Nichols Tom descended on the city. On the ninth of that month Archbishop Howley arrived in Canterbury about seven o'clock in the evening; and as it was his first official visit the Mayor and Corporation had invited him to be their guest of honour at a sumptuous dinner in the Guildhall. His Grace drove along in his carriage to keep the appointment; but what happened then is best told in the words of the report which appeared in *The Times* on Friday, 10 August 1832:

'No sooner had the carriage of the Archbishop appeared in sight, than the most deafening noises rent the air; and when His Grace arrived at Guildhall, the groans and hisses were tremendous. The venerable man seemed quite unnerved; he shook violently, and made the best of his way into the building, the doors of which were instantly closed. After he had partaken of the dessert and drunk the health of the ladies, the carriage was immediately ordered to be prepared. His Grace stepped in, evidently much alarmed. The hisses and groans were now renewed, and missiles of every description hurled at the vehicle—hats, caps, pieces of brick-bat, cabbage-stalks, indeed everything the ruffians could collect. When His Grace entered the precincts of the Cathedral, the large gates were instantly closed. . . .

'Such was the spirit of the less inhibited citizens of Canterbury in 1832. . . . All that was lacking was a focus for this ebullience, something to give it a positive aim and outlet. That want was soon to be supplied, in full measure, by John Nichols Tom. . . .

'When John Nichols Tom came to Canterbury in September 1832 he did so in the guise of "Count Rothschild". He presented such an extraordinary appearance, with his long black hair and beard, that the landlord of the *Fountain Inn*, where he first tried to put up, refused to take in such a grotesque visitor. Undismayed, the Count continued on his way along St. Margaret's Street, where the *Fountain* was situated, and turned into the main thoroughfare of Canterbury in search of another hostelry. Not far away he saw the *Rose Inn*, at the junction of the main street and Rose Lane, and here he managed to get accommodation.

'To make himself known, Count Moses Rothschild, as he now more fully described himself, tried the old trick of getting his name into the



newspapers. A letter by him, published in the *Kent Herald* on 25 October 1832, ran as follows:

'To the Editor of the *Kent Herald*.

Sir,

Through the medium of your very valuable Paper, I beg to caution the public generally to beware of a puppy, calling himself Captain Czernowski, a Polander. He is an imposter on that brave and much injured nation. Such ungrateful cowards and liars bring into disgrace the real interests of this suffering people.

In truth and justice,

I am, etc.

Count Moses Rostopchein Rothschild

*Rose Inn*, Canterbury, October 24, 1832.

'Needless to say, there is no trace of Captain Czernowski, and he seems to have been a figment of Count Rothschild's fertile imagination, further exemplified in the second exotic forename which he now bestowed upon himself. The fictitious Polish captain served, however, as a pretext for a letter to the Press from the Count, who thus enjoyed publicity at no expense to himself. At the same time, as a further means of making himself a well-known public figure, he developed the habit of taking frequent strolls around the streets of Canterbury, dressed in rich outlandish garments which, in combination with his long black hair and beard, and tall imposing presence, plausibly lent colour to the tales which were now circulating that he was an oriental potentate of immense wealth, and charitably disposed towards the poor and needy.

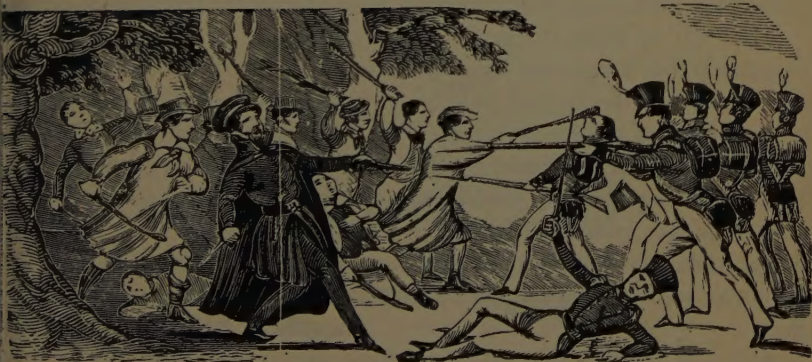
'As a matter of hard fact, however, the Count obtained most of the money which he so artfully dispensed—here in pints for the habitués of club or public house, there in peppermints for the children—from credulous dupes to whom he held out promises of repayment, with interest, in the near future. Among the people on whom the Count did not scruple to sponge in this way was Stroud, a waiter at the *Rose*; and even the chambermaids, susceptible to the strange guest's manly charms, were persuaded to part with their money.

'It was not only the Count's easy ways, and dominating presence, which persuaded people to support him financially. After he had been in Canterbury a few weeks he underwent a sudden metamorphosis, from which he emerged, not as Count Moses Rothschild of illustrious Jewish ancestry, but as Sir William Percy Honeywood Courtenay, Knight of Malta, Rightful Heir to the Earldom of Devon, and of the Kentish estates of Sir Edward Hales, King of the Gypsies, and King of Jerusalem. Quite

abruptly he stopped being Count Rothschild, and became instead Sir William Courtenay, Knight of Malta, etc. etc. It was as simple as that, and as simply done. It seems amazing that this major transformation should have been accepted, like the new titles and claims themselves, without comment, by many of the citizens of Canterbury; but that, in actual fact, is what happened. The *soi-disant* Sir William Courtenay was soon acclaimed, and his pretensions supported, not only by the ignorant mob but also by a good number of educated persons who, one would have thought, could not possibly have been taken in by such a barefaced impostor. . . .

‘His pretensions came to be accepted by a small band of respectable citizens in Canterbury, whilst others who were of an open mind on the subject, or even downright sceptical, were yet perfectly willing to encourage Courtenay, as he was such an odd and colourful character, who promised to bring some excitement into the daily life of the city if only he were given his head. In such circumstances the stage was clearly set for Sir William’s candidature for Parliament—the next step in his triumphal progress at Canterbury.’

From BATTLE IN BOSSENDEN WOOD: THE STRANGE STORY OF SIR WILLIAM COURTENAY.  
By P. G. Rogers. LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.



THE TRAGIC SCENE AT BOSSENDEN WOOD

(Drawn by an eyewitness, expressly for the Penny Satirist)



## GOD AND THE RICH SOCIETY

*[The people of the West now enjoy a standard of living, and are experiencing a rate of economic growth, which is unprecedented. Many of the problems that arise are new, and not always understood by those who speak and write in the churches and elsewhere. Mr. Munby's new book seeks to clarify the situation and to show what a Christian judgement may involve.]*

'... WE must distinguish, as the Archbishop of York pointed out some years ago, between the contrast of nature and grace, on the one hand, and the non-Christian distinction between material and spiritual, on the other. It is to be noted that, in the writings of many ascetics who have rightly won universal attention, the poverty that the Church properly proclaims seems often to be associated with a platonic contempt of matter as such that is not in accordance with the gospel. Too often the Biblical distinction between the world and God, or, more importantly, between the world as created, sustained, and redeemed by God, and the world as independent and separate from God, has been blurred into a distinction between matter and spirit. This may have been exaggerated by the monastic origin of much of the literature.

'The issue remains: Can a rich man be saved? Can a rich society be saved? We must first notice that the Christian gospel has never said that material abundance was in itself evil. The Old Testament constantly reiterated that abundance was the fruit that came of following the ways of the Lord; the Son of Man ate and drank with sinners and publicans, though he had nowhere to lay his head; and the Church has constantly prayed for abundance and prosperity for its members and their societies.

'The evils of riches, to the Christian, are the evils of distraction (the distraction that keeps men from thinking about God), the evils of a false dependence on the created order, and a would-be security that fails to take account of the inevitable fragility of human destiny on this earth. They are spiritual evils, not material evils, and it may be that they lead men to inadequate, not excessive, appreciation and enjoyment of the glories of the material universe; we tend to use, and abuse, material things, rather than to enjoy them. They are evils that arise at all levels of economic well-being, even if they are peculiarly the evils of a rich civilization.

'Nor is it obvious that the distractions that riches afford are of their nature worse than the sins provoked by jealousy, envy, pride and ambition, all the sins that come from the love of power and position that have



little to do with riches as such. It is the root failure of Marxist analysis that it does not adequately distinguish between riches and power, between avarice and ambition, the drive for profits and the drive for political dominion. There is little excuse for Christians to make the same mistake.

'We need to be aware of the dangers of our riches; we need also to be ready to enjoy wholeheartedly the good things that God has given us to enjoy, and to be thankful for them. "Riches and honour come of thee, and of thine own do we give unto thee," repeats the Scottish Liturgy at the offertory; if we ponder on this text, we can hardly refuse to accept what blessings there may be in a world of economic progress, even if it may be the vocation of some people deliberately to eschew them.

'We need to be sensitive to the way that material possessions divide man from man and break up human fellowship. We need to be ready to use our abundance in common rather than for personal and private enjoyment, as a canon on pilgrimage to Jerusalem in 1494 said of the Venetian gentlemen: "They are frugal and very modest in their manner of living at home; outside the house they are very liberal."

'Above all, we need to be aware of the mass of men living in poverty in the underdeveloped countries, whose condition we could do something to improve, if we were ready to make sacrifices ourselves on an adequate scale. The West stands under the shadow of the condemnation of Dives, and it makes much the same excuses as Dives did.'

*From GOD AND THE RICH SOCIETY. By D. L. Munby. LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.*



*One of Ernest H. Shepard's drawings for Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales in the Oxford Illustrated Classics for Children. The translation, first commissioned for The World's Classics, is by L. W. Kingsland*



LADIES IN SULTAN AHMED SQUARE, 1907

*From L'Illustration, reprinted in the Turkish Hayat 4 January 1957.  
A plate from The Emergence of Modern Turkey*

## FULL SPEED AHEAD—TOMORROW

*There have been many books on the Turkish revolution; but Professor Bernard Lewis's The Emergence of Modern Turkey is the first in which the development of the country is examined in detail over a period of two centuries, with extensive use of Turkish sources.]*

... AFTER lengthy debates and controversies, a land reform law was passed by the Assembly and entered into effect on 11 June 1945. . . .

'It was, not surprisingly, the landowners, feudal or otherwise, who most feared the new law. But, while the law added the last straw to the growing resentments of the magnates against the People's Party, it did nothing to win them the goodwill of the peasantry. The peasants, weary of years of chivvyng by People's Party officials and seeing no obvious benefit in the new law, were ready to take their line from the landlords and rich peasants, and to follow them in revolting against the People's Party régime. The peasants had got to the point of voting against the government; they still did so, however, under the guidance of their own rural leadership.

'The influence of the magnates was not the only power that mobilized the accumulated resentments of the peasants against the People's Party. The leaders of the Muslim religious revival that had been growing steadily in force and scope for some years also favoured a change. Between 1946 and 1950 the People's Party had adopted an increasingly tolerant attitude towards the manifestations of religious revival that were appearing in Turkey, but the religious leaders had never really forgiven the party of Atatürk for the enforced secularization of the 1920's and 1930's, and when the opportunity came to turn against the People's Party they gratefully seized it. Religious leaders still commanded considerable support in the country, especially in the villages and small country towns, and among the artisans and small shopkeepers in the larger cities. By an odd paradox, the introduction of modern communications extended the influence of religious conservatism. The village woman used to wear a veil only when she visited the town. With the development of roads and bus services, many villages all over Turkey have been brought within closer range of urban influences; for most of them, however, the centres of radiation are not Istanbul, Ankara, or Izmir, but the smaller provincial towns, traditionally and still today the strongholds of religious and social conservatism. There are many villages where the veil has appeared for the first time as a result of technical progress.

'Another and quite different element in the pro-Democrat camp was the new commercial and industrial middle class that had grown up in



Turkey during the previous decades. These were increasingly restive under the statist policies of the People's Party, against which they now revolted in the name of democracy and free enterprise. In a sense, the revolt against statism was the measure of its success, for it was the statist impulse, supplemented by the opportunities afforded by six years of neutrality in a world war, that led to the emergence of this new Turkish middle class. For this class, the more or less benevolent paternalism of the People's Party had become an irksome anachronism. They rallied with enthusiasm to a party which promised freedom of enterprise, and an economic system more akin to the expanding capitalism of the West.

The magnates, the peasants, the new commercial class, and the old religious class were probably the most important elements among the supporters of the Democrat Party in 1950. There were others too. The non-Muslim minorities, though they too had benefited from a much more liberal policy in the post-war years, could feel little affection for the party responsible for the fiscal pogrom of 1942, and supported the Democrat Party the more readily for its sympathetic attitude to commercial interests. Popular rumour included even the army and the bureaucracy among those who transferred their allegiance to the Democrats—the latter with a very real grievance in a scale of salaries that had become absurdly inadequate in the face of the increased cost of living. Finally, there was the undifferentiated mass of the population—all those who during the twenty-seven years of People's Party domination had inevitably developed grievances of one sort or another against the government or its various agencies, and who were the more attracted by Democrat promises since the Democrat Party was unembarrassed by any previous record of government.

In spite of the strength and variety of Democrat support, the actual victory, when it came, was a surprise to all—mainly because people, both Turks and foreigners, simply would not believe that a party which had for so long enjoyed a monopoly of power would allow itself to be defeated or, if defeated, would quietly give way to the victors.

In the event, the prophets of doom were all confounded. The election was fair, orderly, and peaceful, and the transfer of power took place with no more fuss or incident than is usual in the oldest and securest of democracies.

The atmosphere immediately after the elections was almost apocalyptic. In Ankara a preacher in the Tacüddin mosque gave thanks to God in the Friday prayer for having freed Turkey from the government of the godless People's Party. Near Bursa, some peasants began to divide up the big

estates, and when asked what they were doing, replied: "Now we have democracy." In Istanbul, taxi-drivers cocked the Turkish equivalent of a snook at policemen and refused to obey their orders—and even the policemen themselves seemed a little uncertain as to what powers they still retained. Discoloured patches of wallpaper appeared on countless walls, where once the portrait of İnönü had rested; off-the-mark vendors sold "Democrat Lemonade" in the streets, and an eminent Turkish historian wrote of the election as "the greatest revolution in the history of Turkey, accomplished without bloodshed . . . and leaving no further obstacle to her progress".

'The transfer of power by a free election was certainly a bloodless revolution, comparable, in its way, with the revolutions of 1876, 1908, and 1923. But it soon became apparent that once again it was something less than the millennium. Peasants, taxi men, and others who had shown an excess of zeal in their interpretation of democracy duly received a lesson in political science. Policemen breathed again, and swung their truncheons with something like the old verve. And the historian gradually discovered that after all a few obstacles still remained in Turkey's path of progress and freedom.'

*From THE EMERGENCE OF MODERN TURKEY. By Bernard Lewis. (ROYAL INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS.) LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.*



DANCE OF THE MEVLEVI DERVISHES

*From a seventeenth-century Turkish miniature album. Reproduced in The Emergence of Modern Turkey*

## BLACK VENUS

[The structure of *Les Fleurs du Mal* has a richness and unity not previously fully explored. This is the viewpoint made clear in a new study of Baudelaire's great work, in which the poet's views on psychology, aesthetics, ethics, and metaphysics are found to have a consistency not before shown.]

'To attain to the absolute beauty of art envisaged in *La Beauté*, the poet-hero must write great poems. To write great poems he requires inspiration in the shape of subject-matter. For not any subject-matter will do: if he is to give of his best, it must be subject-matter of the kind which holds the greatest interest and appeal for him personally, subject-matter which will itself be "beautiful" in the loose, relative sense that it affords him pleasurable excitement. In the next three poems of the exposition (*L'Idéal*, *La Géante*, *Le Masque*), he therefore proceeds to take stock, more consciously and deliberately than before, of his tastes in this relative kind of beauty. And by a natural association of ideas, he is led to envisage it in the particular form of the physical and moral attractions of types of womanhood. The results are disconcerting and not what one might expect from the poet of *Bénédiction* and *La Beauté* who quite genuinely aspires to very high and pure religious and artistic ideals. They confirm earlier hints as to the sombre depths of his nature, by revealing, alongside the more elevated aspirations and indeed not wholly distinguishable from them, incipient sado-masochistic tendencies which cause the poet to be attracted to what, in some measure, is painful, to find a strangely stirring beauty, distinct from the absolute beauty of art, in what is in some measure ugly or evil.

'This is the problem which the poet-hero envisages with remarkable lucidity in the final poem of the group and the exposition, the *Hymne à la Beauté*. He shows complete awareness of the spiritual and moral ambiguity with which his ideal of Beauty has come to be invested, for on the one hand there is the semi-divine beauty of art itself, and on the other, the satanic beauty of the tragic, ugly and evil experiences which can serve the artist as material for his art—and serve the man as a source of pleasurable excitement and an escape from Spleen in everyday life. Quite clearly, the spiritual and moral values which he tacitly recognizes in aspiring to the ideal of God demand the sacrifice of the ideal of satanic beauty both in his art and his personal life. But his aesthetic ambitions join with appetite to persuade him that the sacrifice is too great. As the concluding stanzas of the poem show clearly, he determines to accept all forms of beauty, including the satanic, into his Ideal, his art and his life. By this acceptance



to which the *Hymne* bears witness, he assumes complete moral responsibility for his subsequent tragedy. He takes the right course as a poet, but the wrong course as a man—a piece of irony which Baudelaire, with his tragic view of life, was not in the least concerned to explain away. And like the conventional tragic hero, he is at once innocent and guilty.

'Tragic consequences do indeed follow, just as swiftly as the poet himself passes from dreams to action, and, content no longer with imaginary forms of the ideal of beauty, seeks it in the person of the black Venus. This development is so well prepared that one might hesitate to speak of it as the *coup du hasard*. The true *coup du hasard* lies in the fact that, without fully realizing it, the poet selects as his ideal a woman who is the incarnation of the extreme of satanic beauty. Only by degrees is her true nature revealed to poet and reader alike, for in *Parfum exotique* and *La Chevelure*, she does no more than answer the prayer of the *Hymne* by opening the door of a purely artistic infinite. But when the sexual element in their relationship overpowers the artistic, when the ideal of Beauty becomes the ideal of woman, she develops into a monstrous vice the poet's tendency to find pleasurable excitement in what he finds repulsive as well as attractive—in this case, the sinful black Venus herself. She leads him, not merely back to Spleen, but, so to speak, "below" Spleen and on to the ideal of sexual vice which will never cease to haunt him and to which he will later return. So it is that the black Venus fulfils her double task of leading him to greatness as a poet and to his ruin as a man. It is she who knots the threads of the tragedy and from this time onwards the poet-hero is irrevocably trapped.'

From BAUDELAIRE'S TRAGIC HERO: A Study of the Architecture of 'Les Fleurs du Mal'. By D. J. Mossop. OXFORD: AT THE CLARENDON PRESS.

## PERFORMATIVE UTTERANCES

[All the late Professor J. L. Austin's published philosophical papers are now collected in one volume, together with three hitherto unpublished, from one of which, the script of a broadcast made in 1957, we take the following passages.]

'It is rather a pity that people are apt to invoke a new use of language whenever they feel so inclined, to help them out of this, that, or the other well-known philosophical tangle; we need more of a framework in which to discuss these uses of language; and also I think we should not despair too easily and talk, as people are apt to do, about the *infinite* uses of language. Philosophers will do this when they have listed as many, let us say, as seventeen; but even if there were something like ten thousand uses of language, surely we could list them all in time. This, after all, is no

larger than the number of species of beetle that entomologists have taken the pains to list. But whatever the defects of either of these movements—the “verification” movement or the “use of language” movement—at any rate they have effected, nobody could deny, a great revolution in philosophy and, many would say, the most salutary in its history. (Not, if you come to think of it, a very immodest claim.)

Now it is one such sort of use of language that I want to examine here. I want to discuss a kind of utterance which looks like a statement and grammatically, I suppose, would be classed as a statement, which is not nonsensical, and yet is not true or false. These are not going to be utterances which contain curious verbs like “could” or “might”, or curious words like “good”, which many philosophers regard nowadays simply as danger signals. They will be perfectly straightforward utterances, with ordinary verbs in the first person singular present indicative active, and yet we shall see at once that they could not possibly be true or false. Furthermore, if a person makes an utterance of this sort we should say that he is *doing* something rather than merely *saying* something. This may sound a little odd, but the examples I shall give will in fact not be odd at all, and may even seem decidedly dull. Here are three or four. Suppose, for example, that in the course of a marriage ceremony I say, as people will, “I do”—(sc. take this woman to be my lawful wedded wife). Or again, suppose that I tread on your toe and say “I apologize”. Or again, suppose that I have the bottle of champagne in my hand and say “I name this ship the *Queen Elizabeth*”. Or suppose I say “I bet you sixpence it will rain tomorrow”. In all these cases it would be absurd to regard the thing that I say as a report of the performance of the action which is undoubtedly done—the action of betting, or christening, or apologizing. We should say rather that, in saying what I do, I actually perform that action. When I say “I name this ship the *Queen Elizabeth*” I do not describe the christening ceremony, I actually perform the christening; and when I say “I do” (sc. take this woman to be my lawful wedded wife), I am not reporting on a marriage, I am indulging in it.

Now these kinds of utterance are the ones that we call *performative* utterances. This is rather an ugly word, and a new word, but there seems to be no word already in existence to do the job. . . .

“These performative utterances are not true or false. . . . But they do suffer from certain disabilities of their own. They can fail to come off in special ways, and that is what I want to consider next. The various ways in which a performative utterance may be unsatisfactory we call, for the sake of a name, the infelicities; and an infelicity arises—that is to say, the

utterance is unhappy—if certain rules, transparently simply rules, are broken. I will mention some of these rules and then give examples of some infringements.

First of all, it is obvious that the conventional procedure which by our utterance we are purporting to use must actually exist. . . . And the second rule, also a very obvious one, is that the circumstances in which we purport to invoke this procedure must be appropriate for its invocation. If this is not observed, then the act that we purport to perform would not come off—it will be, one might say, a misfire. This will also be the case if, for example, we do not carry through the procedure—whatever it may be—correctly and completely, without a flaw and without a hitch. . . .

Here are some examples of this kind of misfire. Suppose that, living in a country like our own, we wish to divorce our wife. We may try standing her in front of us squarely in the room and saying, in a voice loud enough for all to hear, “I divorce you”. Now this procedure is not accepted. We shall not thereby have succeeded in divorcing our wife, at least in this country and others like it. This is a case where the convention, we should say, does not exist or is not accepted. Again, suppose that, picking sides at a children’s party, I say “I pick George”. But George turns red in the face and says “Not playing”. In that case I plainly, for some reason or another, have not picked George—whether because there is no convention that you can pick people who are not playing, or because George in the circumstances is an inappropriate object for the procedure of picking. Or consider the case in which I say “I appoint you Consul”, and it turns out that you have been appointed already—or perhaps it may even transpire that you are a horse; here again we have the infelicity of inappropriate circumstances, inappropriate objects, or what not. Examples of flaws and hitches are perhaps scarcely necessary—one party in the marriage ceremony says “I will”, the other says “I won’t”. . . .

But there is another and a rather different way in which this kind of utterance may go wrong. . . . Suppose that you are just about to name the ship, you have been appointed to name it, and you are just about to bang the bottle against the stern; but at that very moment some low type comes up, snatches the bottle out of your hand, breaks it on the stern, shouts out “I name this ship the *Generalissimo Stalin*”, and then for good measure kicks away the chocks. Well, we agree of course on several things. We agree that the ship certainly is not now named the *Generalissimo Stalin*, and we agree that it is an infernal shame and so on and so forth. But we may not agree as to how we should classify the particular



infelicity in this case. We might say that here is a case of a perfectly legitimate and agreed procedure which, however, has been invoked in the wrong circumstances, namely by the wrong person, this low type instead of the person appointed to do it. But on the other hand we might look at it differently and say that this is a case where the procedure has not as a whole been gone through correctly, because part of the procedure for naming a ship is that you should first of all get yourself appointed as the person to do the naming and that is what this fellow did not do.'

From PHILOSOPHICAL PAPERS. By J. L. Austin. Edited by J. O. Urmson and G. J. Warnock. OXFORD: AT THE CLARENDON PRESS.



Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, by Max Beerbohm

## ADMIRALS IN ARMS

*['It is upon the Navy under the providence of God that the safety, honour and welfare of this realm do chiefly attend']—this has never been more strongly felt than by the British people in the period 1904-19, the era of Anglo-German naval rivalry and the ensuing Great War. The British side of this rivalry is Professor Arthur Marder's central theme in the first volume of From the Dreadnought to Scapa Flow. Sir John Fisher dominates the scene; and the large amount of new material made available to the author, together with the full co-operation of the Admiralty, has resulted in a book of first-rate importance which is also extremely well written.]*

THE acknowledged leader of the "Syndicate of Discontent", though hardly the brains, was Admiral Lord Charles (afterwards first Baron) Beresford. Here was one of the most engaging personalities of the time—frank, open, dashing, impulsive, fluent. "The weak side of his character was his love of publicity, vanity, and a certain shallowness of moral feeling. On the other hand, so far as these defects allowed, he was sincerely

attached to the service, and a patriot.”<sup>1</sup> The officers and men under his command loved and admired “Charlie B.” because of his charm, geniality, high spirits, humour, and his unvarying kindness and thoughtfulness. He was also amazingly popular in the country. People remembered his exploit at the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882, when he ran the gunboat *Condor* in close under the Egyptian guns at Fort Marabout, and for ninety minutes maintained a vigorous battle with the fort, mounting thirty-two guns, sixteen of which were of large size. The audacity of this attack was superb. When the *Condor* was recalled, she was cheered by the flagship and honoured with the signal, “Well done, *Condor*”. Her commander was specially promoted to captain. People also remembered Beresford’s battle for the Navy in the House of Commons.

His intellectual and professional attainments unfortunately did not match the attractiveness of his personality. Though a forceful speaker, he was not strong in argument and his public speeches often left a mournful impression on his listeners. Churchill once said of Beresford, in reference to his later career in the House of Commons, that before he got up to speak he did not know what he was going to say, that when he was on his feet he did not know what he was saying, and that when he sat down he did not know what he had said! J. L. Garvin once called Beresford “the great dirigible . . . the biggest of all recorded gasbags”. And this is the appraisal of the German Naval Attaché: “As an Irishman he has a strong power of imagination, is of a lively temperament, has an original humour and a gift of gab. He talks a lot, exaggerates much, and does not always adhere to the truth.” On another occasion Coerper described him as “the indefatigable twaddler”. As a naval officer, Beresford was tireless; he had a singular gift for handling men and getting the best out of them; and he excelled in the art of pure seamanship. But very definitely he was not a tactician or strategist of note. His command of the Channel Fleet was, in some respects, old-fashioned. Reminisced one of his officers: “Never have I known such a ‘flagshipy’ flagship. . . . Everything centred round the person of the Admiral, and ceremonial had become almost an obsession with him. . . . My principal recollection of those days is endless pipings, callings to attention, and buglings.”<sup>2</sup> Nevertheless, whatever his professional failings, it is only bare justice to point out that Beresford and his supporters honestly believed he would make a better First Sea Lord than Fisher.

<sup>1</sup> Sir W. Graham Greene’s appreciation of Beresford in a memorandum of 24 Mar. 1925; Graham Greene MSS.

<sup>2</sup> Captain Lionel Dawson, *Gone for a Sailor* (London, 1936), pp. 131–2.



ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR JOHN FISHER



ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD



'He had been Second-in-Command under Fisher in the Mediterranean (1900-2) and in those days they had seen eye to eye on many subjects. However, various incidents (of which I note but two) resulted in bad blood. The first occurred when, following a summer cruise of the Mediterranean Fleet, Beresford's flag-captain made such a mess out of mooring the battleship *Ramillies* in Malta harbour that the entrance of the second division into the harbour was delayed. Fisher, losing his temper, signalled to his Second-in-Command: "Your flagship is to proceed to sea and come in again in a seamanlike manner." Admiral Chatfield is of the opinion that this signal started the whole naval feud. . . .<sup>1</sup>

' . . . Fisher and Beresford remained on reasonably good terms until the autumn of 1906, although gradually drifting apart because of Beresford's opposition to several of Fisher's reforms. In September 1905 Fisher could complain that "that blatant, boastful ass Beresford has been writing the most utter bosh I ever read in my life. The outcome is that the Sea Lords of the Admiralty are imbeciles and Beresford is the *one and only* man who knows anything!" The definite break began with the navy agitation of 1906, and, more particularly, with the fleet redistribution scheme. Thereafter Beresford, prodded by the malcontents, found more and more to criticize in Fisher's reforms. The role of being "agin" those in power came naturally to Beresford, a real Irishman and a delightful rebel always spoiling for a fight. He came into a considerable fortune at the end of 1906 when a brother died. This windfall enabled him when ashore to keep open house in Grosvenor Street and to dine and wine those of like mind freely, and thus to serve as the centre of the agitators. Fisher observed: "Beresford says he can do more with his chef than by talking. . . ."

'As Channel C.-in-C., from April 1907, Beresford adopted an attitude of marked antagonism. He criticized Admiralty policy, commented on Admiralty orders, and repeatedly addressed the Admiralty on many topics in a decidedly tactless and insubordinate manner quite without parallel in British naval history. His opinions of the Admiralty and of Fisher ("our dangerous lunatic") were known to every officer and man in his fleet. He was opposed to the introduction of the dreadnought ("we start at scratch with that type of ship"), to the scrapping policy, and to the economies. His most serious grievance, which was generally known to the public, was over the new Home Fleet. It was, he informed the Admiralty (13 May 1907), a "fraud upon the public and a danger to the Empire".

<sup>1</sup> Chatfield, *The Navy and Defence*, i. 41.



From Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales

## THE RADICAL DUKE

[*'The radical Duke' was the contemporary nickname of Charles Lennox, Third Duke of Richmond, whose erratic political career spanned the active reign of George III. This new book, combining a biography with a critical edition of the Duke's Letters, paints a striking picture of the articulate political leader who almost became Prime Minister.*]

'A MORE serious handicap than lack of the King's favour or political patronage was a difficult personality. Richmond was considered generous and affectionate by close relatives, but there is no question that he was extremely unpopular with most of his political associates. Walpole thought his appointment as Secretary of State in the Rockingham ministry was "a mighty ingredient towards the fall of that Administration" in 1766; Jenkinson despised "that plagueing fellow, the Duke of Richmond"; and even Burke, in the height of friendship, described him sympathetically as being "of little management with the world".

'Basically Richmond was intensely nervous, driven by an immense energy. He worked hard—his London day began at 8 a.m.—dressed plainly, checked his account books to the penny, and rarely drank, entertained, or joined late parties. He found close companionship first with Burke, then with Shelburne—both of whom shared his regular hours.

'To his other colleagues he seemed unsociable, ostentatiously upright, and a little too ambitious. To the public, who would have considered uprightness a virtue, he instead appeared miserly. Both reputations were partially justified.

'What none of his friends realized was that Richmond was essentially an introvert. After an irresponsible youth in Geneva and then in the Army, he had settled down at about the age of twenty-five, and from that time

ne and the Duchess had tended to retire more and more from society. Part of Richmond's love of Goodwood came from his enjoyment of farming; the larger part came from his desire for seclusion and his abhorrence of London.

'What the public did not know was that frugality alternated with impetuous generosity. When Richmond disapproved of Lady Sarah's marriage to Sir Charles Bunbury, he cut her off from the family money and refused even to buy her wedding dress, but when she returned from her scandalous elopement with Lord William Gordon, he built a house near Goodwood for her and her daughter. He provided free beer for Chichester road workers but was up at 7 a.m. to see that his own estate workers were on time. He censured John Caryll, to whom he had leased part of the Goodwood estate, for being dilatory in the payment of debts, but he bailed Chichester debtors out of jail. He spent as much money on the arts as on politics, a claim few of his associates could make: he built a theatre in Richmond House, subsidized several Chichester landscape painters, set up a free studio for artists in Richmond House,<sup>1</sup> and personally patronized a young portrait painter whose work at this studio drew early approval—George Romney. It was not until 1792, when Richmond House burned down and the Duke feared being unable to pay off his debts, that his frugality became accentuated.

'Nervous energy may have made Richmond capable of intense work, but he worked in spurts and not always effectively. At the Ordnance he was several times called "The most industrious man in Europe" and even compared to Frederick the Great. Unlike most of his contemporaries, he was able to arrive in town on the morning of a debate and master the issues quickly enough to speak effectively in the afternoon. In January 1773 he suddenly decided to oppose the government in the East India Company General Court: within two weeks he had grasped the subject entirely and was the most formidable court speaker. But the result of inspired concentration (and to some extent of thwarted ambition) was extended periods of depression. . . . Between 1774 and 1790 he made at least five threats to retire from politics altogether. In 1769 he dismissed five months of parliamentary absence with the explanation that "I must for some time at least indulge myself in my present disposition which I will give no name to."

<sup>1</sup> In 1759 when Richmond was serving with the Army on the Continent, he failed to offer the annual prize which he had previously promised. The artists posted placards of complaint which so enraged the Duke that he shut down the studio the following year. Arthur Chamberlain, *George Romney*, 1910, p. 43.



'When he did work, the love of detail displayed in his financial accounts sometimes led him to waste time on irrelevant trivia. He dragged the committee investigating fortifications at Portsmouth and Plymouth through ten-hour days for two weeks, but the work, according to Cornwallis, was "sheer torture" because Richmond inserted so much useless material.

'His committee work was further impeded by tactlessness and excitability. He knew himself that "I pass in the world for very obstinate, wrong-headed, and tenacious of my opinions". On guard he could delight Newcastle, disarm Chatham, and write Rockingham "the prettiest letter I ever read". But he could be "tenacious" when his close friend Edward Sedgwick refused to serve as his private secretary in France, and with no finesse at all he could lecture Rockingham on Lady Rockingham's tea parties and the Marquis's fetishes about health, and at one time it was even rumoured that he had called the King a liar. Once, when Rockingham was ill, Richmond wrote a letter of condolence beginning,

'My Dear Lord,

You are so often ill without being dangerously so, and are so often doctoring yourself that when I first heard you was not well I concluded it was only a surfeit of Phisick and I am told that it might possibly be owing to your not letting yourself alone that you have been ill but that your disorder has not been a slight one.'

*From THE RADICAL DUKE: THE CAREER AND CORRESPONDENCE OF CHARLES LENNOX, THIRD DUKE OF RICHMOND. By Alison Olson. (Oxford Historical Series.) OXFORD: AT THE CLARENDON PRESS.*

## GEORGE ELIOT DIES

[*Edith Simcox was little known until her unpublished 'Autobiography of a Shirt-Maker' became available in 1958. It is from this journal that Professor McKenzie has drawn his absorbing story of this remarkable Victorian spinster and her adoration for the novelist George Eliot.*]

'At last Mrs. Cross was back in London; a "short and sweet—quite sweet—note came," asking Edith to call. She went on 19 December (recording the visit on 23 December):

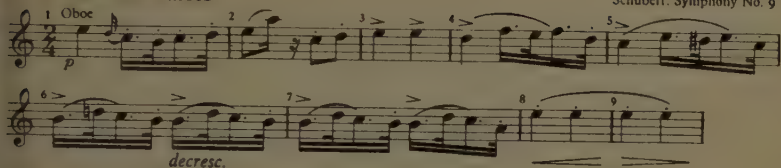
She was alone when I arrived. I was too shy to ask for any special greeting—only kissed her again and again as she sat. Mr. Cross came in soon and I noticed his countenance was transfigured, a calm look of pure beatitude had succeeded the ordinary good nature.—Poor fellow! She was complaining of a slight sore throat, when he came in and touched her hand said she felt the reverse of better. I only

This is the range  
of the oboe:



# Andante con moto

Schubert, Symphony No. 9



Left to right: Three Flutes, two Oboes, and a Cor Anglais

The *Cor Anglais* is really a large oboe, with a correspondingly lower voice. It has a double reed, and a conical tube. The reed fits into a curved metal mouthpiece about 9 inches long; and there is a bulge at the bell end of the instrument. The player often supports the instrument on a sling round his neck. The cor anglais has a very expressive, melancholy voice; and it is always given slowish tunes to play, often in imitation of a shepherd's pipe.

## A PAGE FROM INSTRUMENTS OF THE ORCHESTRA

John Hosier, prepared in conjunction with a set of four records issued by E.M.I. Records Ltd. 'I hope this book and the records will serve to map the landscape of sound as clearly as we visualize the primary colours and the smells of fresh hay, flowers, or Stilton cheese'. Yehudi Menuhin in his preface.

stayed half an hour therefore, she said do not go, but I gave as a reason that she should not tire her throat and then she asked me to come in again and tell them the news. He came down to the door with me and I only asked after his health—she had spoken before of being quite well and I thought it was only a passing cold—she thought it was caught at the Agamemnon.<sup>1</sup> I meant to call again tomorrow and take her some snowdrops. This morning I hear from Johnny—she died at ten last night! (Autobiography, 23 December 1880).

‘After this plain, stark record there is as it were a moment of stunned silence, and then the lamenting and the self-examining begin. . . .

‘Edith’s account of George Eliot’s funeral is a vivid piece of reporting; by an eye witness whose emotions were deeply engaged.

[December] 29 [1880]. This day stands alone. I am not afraid of forgetting, but as heretofore I record her teaching while the sound is still fresh in my soul’s ears. This morning at ten when the wreath I had ordered—white flowers bordered with laurel leaves—came, I drove with it to Cheyne Walk, giving it silently to the silent cook. Then, instinct guiding—it seemed to guide one right all day—I went to Highgate—stopping on the way to get some violets—I was not sure for what purpose. In the cemetery I found the new grave was in the place I had feebly coveted—nearer the path than his and one step further south. Then I laid my violets at the head of Mr. Lewes’s solitary grave and left the already gathering crowd to ask which way the entrance would be. Then I drifted towards the chapel—standing first for a while under the colonnade where a child asked me, ‘Was it the late George Eliot’s wife was going to be buried?’ I think I said Yes—Then I waited in the skirts of the group gathered in the porch between the church and chapel sanctuaries. Then some one claimed a passage through the thickening crowd and I followed in his wake and found myself without effort in a sort of vestibule past the door which kept back the crowd. Mrs. Lankester was next the chapel—I cannot forget that she offered me her place. I took it and presently every one else was made to stand back, then the solemn procession passed me. The coffin bearers paused in the very doorway. I pressed a kiss upon the pall and trembled violently as I stood motionless else, in the still silence with nothing to mar the realization of that intense moment’s awe. Then—it was hard to tell the invited mourners from the other waiting friends—men many of whose faces I knew—and so I passed among them into the chapel—entering a forward pew. White wreaths lay thick upon the velvet pall—it was not painful to think of her last sleep so guarded. I saw her husband’s face, pale and still, he forced himself aloof from the unbearable world in sight. . . . As we left the chapel Miss Helps put her arm in mine, but I left her at the door, to make my way alone across the road to the other part where the grave was. I shook hands silently with Mrs. Anderson and waited at the corner where the hearse stopped and the coffin was brought up again. Again

<sup>1</sup> The Crosses went on 17 December to see Aeschylus’s tragedy performed in Greek by Oxford undergraduates at St. George’s Hall (*GE Letters*, vii. 345).



I followed near, on the skirts of the procession a man—Champneys I thought—had a white wreath he wished to lay upon the coffin and as he pressed forward those behind bore me on, till I was standing between his grave and hers and heard the last words said: the grave was deep and narrow—the flowers filled all the level space. I turned away with the first—Charles Lewes pressed my hand as we gave the last look. Then I turned up the hill and walked through rain by a road unknown before to Hampstead and a station. Then through the twilight I cried and moaned aloud. I have written letters already; sloth does not seem the worst temptation; it was idleness while she lived to trust to her to order or forbid. Now seeing that she is to gather the fruit of her labours from my life, I must choose for myself to labour only where I may do so with most hope of fruit (Autobiography, 29 December 1880).’

From EDITH SIMCOX AND GEORGE ELIOT. *By K. A. McKenzie. With an Introduction by Gordon S. Haight.* OXFORD: AT THE CLARENDON PRESS.



From Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales

## GLADSTONE, GRANVILLE AND CHINESE GORDON

The correspondence over nine years of Gladstone and Lord Granville, his closest political ally and Cabinet colleague, is to be published in two volumes this summer. The years are 1876 to 1886, the period of two critical ministries.]

1214. Lord Granville to Mr. Gladstone

[Add. MS. 44176, fo. 101]

Foreign Office. Jan. 14/84.

‘There is rather a mess about Chinese Gordon. In the autumn Hartington asked for a F.O. opinion whether he was to give him leave to act in the [K[ing]] of the Belgians African Association. I gave an opinion against an officer on full pay being connected with this non-descript association.

‘You said you knew nothing about it, but saw no reason to dissent.



JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

about 1860



THE REVEREND CHARLES KINGSLEY

Hartington accordingly telegraphed "the S[ecretary of] S[tate] declines to sanction the arrangement".

"The telegram by mistake was delivered to Gordon "S.S. decides to sanction arrangement".

"Gordon came from Syria, & agreed with the King.

"The result is that Gordon loses his rank & his pay in the English army.

"On the other hand people are clamouring for Gordon to be sent to Egypt. I have twice asked Baring whether Gordon would be of use. He has agreed first with Cherif, and now with Nubar to answer in the negative.

"But it is said that there has been an old quarrel between Baring and Gordon.

"Wolsley [*sic*] is to see Gordon tomorrow, and will ask him as a friend, what are his views.

"If he says that he cannot go to Egypt, or that he cannot go without a considerable force, such as he mentions in rather a foolish letter in the times of today,<sup>1</sup> we shall be on velvet.

"If he says he believes he could by his personal influence, exite the tribes to escort the Khartoum Garrison, & inhabitants to Suakim, a little pressure on Baring might be advisable.

"The destruction of these poor people will be a great disaster, and will of course create a great sensation at home and abroad.

"But if he does not go to Egypt, Hartington & I are inclined to tell him, that I gave the opinion adverse to his going to the Congo, on what appeared to me to be good grounds. But that as he has made the agreement with the K[ing] of the Belgians, as he believed, in agreement with the orders of the War Office, and as I should be sorry that so distinguished an officer should be lost to the Queen's army, I have withdrawn my objection.

"Can you telegraph a line on both these points. . . .

216. *Mr. Gladstone to Lord Granville*

[P.R.O. 30/29/128]

Hawarden Castle. Jan 16. 84.

"I can find no fault with your telegram to Baring *re* Chinese Gordon, and the main point that strikes me is this. While his opinion on the Soudan may be of great value, must we not be very careful in any instruction we give, that he does not shift the centre of gravity as to political and military responsibility for that country. In brief if he reports what should

<sup>1</sup> Addressed to Sir Samuel Baker, 11 Jan., urging him to go to the Sudan with Turkish troops and published by Baker in a letter to the editor, *The Times*, 14 Jan., 1884.



be done, he should not be the judge *who* should do it, nor ought he to commit us on that point by advice officially given. It would be extremely difficult after sending him to reject such advice, & it should therefore think be made clear that he is not our agent for the purpose of advising on that point.

'1217. *Lord Granville to Mr. Gladstone*

[Add. MS. 44176, fo. 109]

Foreign Office. Jan 18/84

'Northbrook[,] Hartington, Dilke & I took a good deal of responsibility on ourselves,<sup>1</sup> but I think we have acted within the limits of your views. He[,] Gordon[,] perfectly understands that he is to consider the evacuation as a final decision & that his only mission is to see how it can be best carried out. He says he likes Baring and is glad to be under his orders.

'His views are optimist. He does not believe in the Madhi[sic], the fanaticism of the Arabs or in the probabil[ity] of a massacre.

'He was very pleasing & childlike in his manner. . . .

'1435. *Mr. Gladstone to Lord Granville*

[P.R.O. 30/29/1288]

No 2.

Brechin Castle, Brechin. Sept 19. 84

'The Gordon Telegram in Baring's 588<sup>2</sup> beats every thing I have ever seen. I called him at the outset inspired and mad, but the madness is now uppermost. It is fortunate that it does not require any full and conclusive answer unless and until Wolseley acts definitely: but there are certain elements of a reply which seem to me clear, and I think the patience of the Cabinet is exhausted, while we are in danger of becoming simply ridiculous in our communications with him.

'1. Our two *main* telegrams of April & May might be referred to as the basis of our policy.

'2. He is to conform to it, or else understand that he will cease in any manner to represent the British Government.

'3. We & not he are the judges of our responsibility.

'4. If I could reconcile his demand for Zebehr with the reference to M. A. Pacha, I would send him Zebehr—with Sir H. Gordon's approval.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. in settling that Gordon should leave that night, instructed to report on the military situation, the security of Khartoum, on means to evacuate the interior, to secure the Red Sea coast, and to stop the slave trade; see Granville to Gladstone and to the Queen, tels. 6.30 p.m. 18 Jan., P.R.O. 30/29/128, 30/29/43; cf. mem. by Hartington on Gordon's wishes, 18 Jan., P.R.O. 30/29/134.

<sup>2</sup> See from Baring, No. 891, extending tel. No. 588, 20 Sept., sending tel. from Gordon, 17 Sept., that Col. Stewart was to burn Berber, and reporting he had told Kitchener to countermand the order, F.O. 78/3678.

'5. Why not constitute Wolseley (acting in concert with Northbrook) his superior—and obtain in this the concurrence of Tewfik.

'6. In any case, should not Wolseley be told to treat him with a *firm hand*.

'P.S. No 589 arrived. Only serves to show profound discrepancy of ideas, & to raise more seriously the question whether to inform him categorically that if he cannot act on our policy he must cease to act in our name.

1436. *Mr. Gladstone to Lord Granville*

[P.R.O. 30/29/29 A]

Brechin Castle. Sept 20. 84.

'Reflecting on Gordon's wild telegrams<sup>1</sup> I think our message in May is hardly sufficient for the present circumstances.

'I paraphrase him thus.

"Send troops to Khartoum, that they may hold it while I go all over the Soudan to fetch out (or otherwise) the Egyptian garrisons. This is contrary I know to your policy, but probably you have altered it in deference to me. Let me know whether this is so."

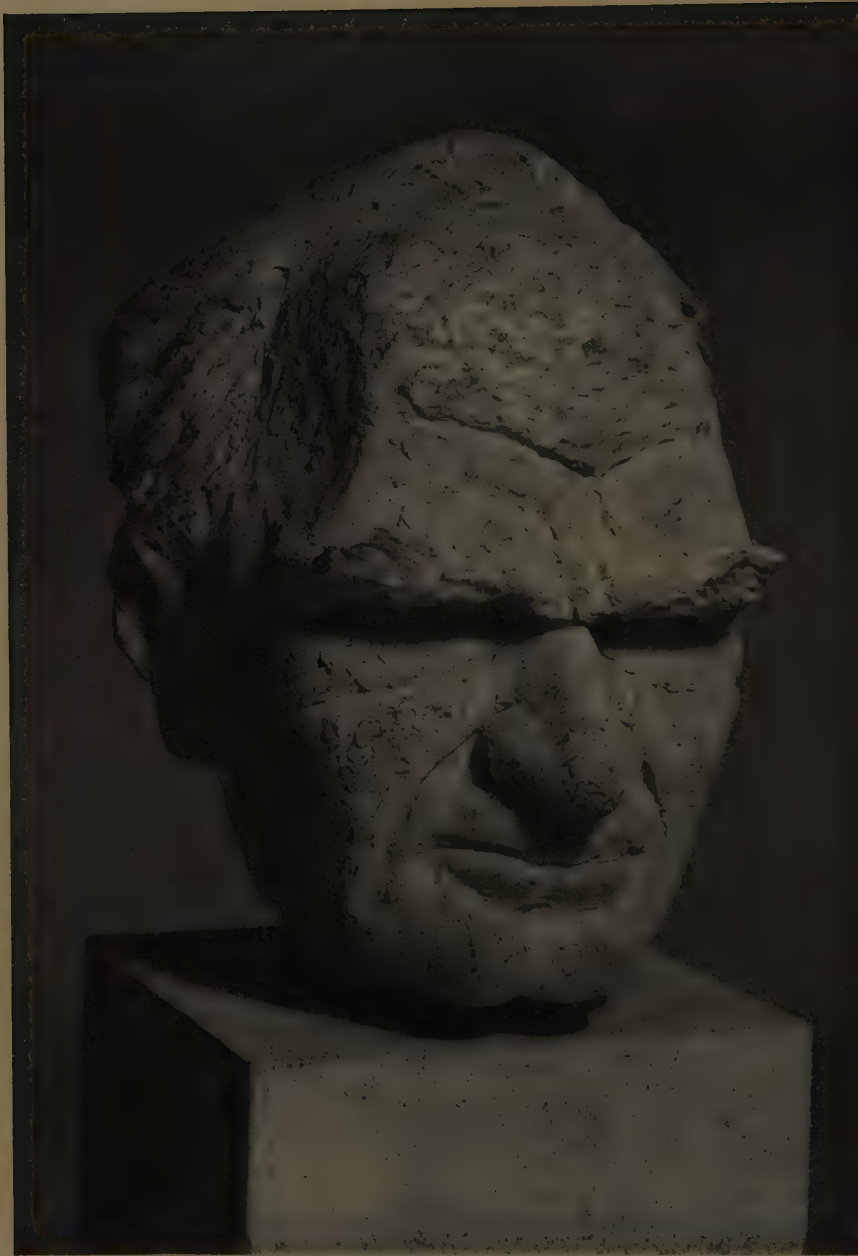
'Ought he not to be informed at the earliest moment that no troops will be sent to Khartoum for any such purpose, and that he is to act upon our policy as originally committed to him, or not to be any longer officer of ours?'

<sup>1</sup> See from Baring, No. 890, extending tel. No. 597, 20 Sept., sending tel. from Gordon answering the message of 23 Apr. 'I hope to overthrow the rebels west of Khartoum and then there will be no Arabs left in the vicinity. Senaar and Khartoum are all right. We have provisions for five months.' F.O. 78/3678.

From THE POLITICAL CORRESPONDENCE OF MR. GLADSTONE AND LORD GRANVILLE 1876-1886. By Agatha Ramm. OXFORD: AT THE CLARENDON PRESS.



From Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales



GERARD WALTER STURGIS HOPKINS, 1892-1961

*Translator, critic, and publisher. Oxford University Press 1920-57, first as Publicity Manager, later as  
Editorial Adviser. From a portrait head by Jane Seymour Morice*



## REUNION OR REVOLUTION?

[*The Loyalists in the American Revolution suffered a most abject kind of political failure, losing their argument, their war, their place in American society, and their proper place in history. The American Tory is a study of these vanished conservatives: of who they were, and why they failed.*]

‘WITH New England intransigent, Virginia hesitant, and the Carolinas remote and divided, it is understandable that the initiative for a negotiated settlement of the dispute with Britain should have come from the troubled but cosmopolitan middle colonies of New York and Pennsylvania, where resentment towards Britain merely shared a place in a spectrum of other fears and alarms. In New York several events during the earlier years of the dispute with Britain had alienated conservatives from their original support of radical measures in opposition to Parliament. Perhaps the first was the Stamp Act Riot in November 1765, when a mob, larger and less disciplined than the Boston mob, had torn through the town of New York, threatening less discriminate violence than it actually committed, but exposing nonetheless the naked inability of the propertied classes to maintain order. Another was the sobering commercial blow New York suffered during the enforcement of the Non-Importation Agreement in 1769, when the town’s trade with England had been cut more sharply than Boston’s or Philadelphia’s. In 1770, after the repeal of the Townshend Duties, most of the New York merchants had abandoned the Sons of Liberty and had made peace, commercially, with England. A sudden solicitude for law and order began to affect practical politicians like James Duane, who wrote that, “Every good man wishes to see Order restored, and the government resume its due weight.” When, in the elections of 1770, the Sons of Liberty were heavily defeated, the New York mob seemed “muzzl’d at last”, and the old Tory lieutenant-governor, Cadwallader Colden, was able to observe cheerfully that “Government has renewed its strength”.

‘The conservative reaction of 1770 in New York was, of course, part of a more general moderation of the dispute with Britain, the effects of which Hutchinson had noted even in Boston. In New York, however, the conservatives had learned their lesson well, and had worked systematically to prevent a radical revival. Even the Tea Act, which pushed Boston into open conflict with the imperial government, failed to shake the restraining hold of the New York conservatives on the revolutionary movement there. The Sons of Liberty did manage to dump a consignment of East India Company tea into New York harbour, but only to the decorous

strains of *God Save the King*, played by a band on shore. And the unwillingness of the New York merchants to see mere politics interfere with trade is clear in this remark of a New Yorker to a friend in London: "I heartily wish that an end were put to all disputes between us . . . for whilst these contentions last, the merchants of your city must feel the effects of it as well as us."

'The New York gentry, however, were concerned with more than trade: they were afraid of social revolution. "Believe me, sir," Gouverneur Morris wrote, "freedom and religion are only watchwords." Such words, he explained, had been harmless enough so long as the shepherds had kept the dictionary of the day and given them their meaning, but now the sheep had got out of hand, the "mobility grow dangerous to the gentry, and how to keep them down is the question". Morris decided that if the dispute with Britain were not settled, New York would come under the domination of a riotous mob. "It is in the interest of all men, therefore," he concluded, "to seek for reunion with the parent State." It was this apprehension of class struggle that cleared the minds of the New York oligarchs when men like themselves in other colonies were still excited with ideas of liberty.'

*From THE AMERICAN TORY. By William H. Nelson. OXFORD: AT THE CLARENDON PRESS.*

## ARCHITECT AND PATRON

[Architect and Patron is concerned with architecture in terms not of style or technique but of human relations and human beings—the designer, his employer, and his building executant. The period covered is the sixteenth century to the present day.]

' . . . THE veneration of Italy and things Italian, which reached its peak in the second quarter of the eighteenth century, could prompt a great deal of affectation in the returned traveller, who was wont to adopt "an Italian air". Burlington's protégé, Kent, must, one would think, have been infuriating. In a letter of 1720, for instance, he wrote: "I am still at work here the days being so short and cold to an Italian constitution that I keep my little room, only twice a week that I go to the Operas where I am highly entertain'd and then think myself out of this Gothick country." Yet his contemporaries seem to have been impressed, and the architect was a popular figure; to Lady Burlington he was "Kentino", and Burlington's brother-in-law, Lord Bruce, referred affectionately to him as "the little rogue Kent". An almost unhealthy respect for foreign talent in the arts,

coupled with a deep suspicion of foreign morals, is perhaps a national characteristic. It was certainly much in evidence in Augustan England.

Richard Boyle, 3rd Earl of Burlington, has come to be regarded as the model of eighteenth-century patrons. Walpole, to whom he was the "Apollo of the Arts", recorded: "Never was protection and great wealth more generously and more judiciously diffused than by this great person, who had every quality of a genius and artist except envy." We know that Walpole was not immune from bias and his remarks would be more convincing if his praise glowed less. It is clear, however, that Burlington was outstanding, indeed unique, among eighteenth-century patrons, and was, as we have seen, himself an accomplished architect.

Following the fashion, he set out, shortly after his twentieth birthday, on the Grand Tour to Rome. Here he met William Kent, at this time practising as a painter. It was not until 1719, however, that Kent came to England. In that year Burlington paid a further visit to Italy. This time it was expressly an architectural pilgrimage that he made, possibly inspired by the publication a few years earlier of Leoni's translation of Palladio and the first two volumes of Campbell's *Vitruvius Britannicus*. The Leoni work and the illustrations of the work of Jones and his followers in Campbell's book fired the young nobleman with enthusiasm for the architecture of Palladio, and the 1719 excursion was specifically to Vicenza. It was on his return from this visit that Burlington brought back with him William Kent, who for almost thirty years was to live under the benevolent wing of the Earl's patronage.

Apart from his generosity to Kent, inspired by a genuine and mutual affection, Burlington's protection and patronage were extended to other architects—to Colin Campbell, Henry Flitcroft, Isaac Ware, and Giacomo Leoni. While Pope, Swift, Gay, and Handel received at various times encouragement and hospitality from the Earl.

It would be difficult to over-emphasize Burlington's role as an arbiter of eighteenth-century architectural fashion. The first half of the century, after 1719, was dominated by him and until new tastes were established around the mid-century his influence continued, both among private builders and in the Office of Works. Through his protégés, Kent, Campbell, Flitcroft, and Leoni, and with the fashionable poet Pope as his evangelist, the Earl succeeded in establishing in this country the cool, rational style of Palladio; an achievement which is the greater when we consider contemporary work on the Continent—the academized baroque of eighteenth-century France and the work of Vanvitelli in Italy, following trends very different from those in England. Again, a glance at English



SATIRE ON ARCHITECTURAL PRACTICE  
(from A. W. Pugin's *Contrasts*, 1836)  
*A plate from Architect and Patron*

work immediately prior to Burlington's appearance in the architectural scene emphasizes his importance. Although Jones had introduced Palladio to seventeenth-century Londoners in his Whitehall Banqueting House, his successors, Wren, Vanbrugh, and Hawksmoor, were working in a tradition which had its roots not in Italy but in the architecture of seventeenth-century France and was far removed from the Palladian manner.

'But the intellectual climate of England in the early eighteenth century was such that, given the stimulus of a man of Burlington's position and sensitivity, the Palladian style was readily acceptable. We have already described the style as "rational" and, at the end of the eighteenth century, the neo-classicist Milizia, referring to Palladio, noted that "the English especially regard him as their architectural Newton". For men to whom the discoveries of Newton and the publication of the *Principia* were recent and tremendously important events and who sought to find equivalent laws for other fields, the systematic, mathematical canons of Palladio were understandably attractive. As Shaftesbury put it: "Nothing surely is more strongly imprinted on our Minds, or more closely interwoven with our Souls, than the Idea or Sense of Order and Proportion. Hence all the Force of Numbers, and those powerful Arts founded on their Management and Use. . . ."'

*From ARCHITECT AND PATRON: A Survey of Professional Relations and Practice in England from the Sixteenth Century to the Present Day. By Frank Jenkins. (UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM.) LONDON: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.*

## VICTORIAN SOCIALIST

[The first critical biography of H. M. Hyndman has just been published. This lively Victorian politician, the founder of the organized Socialist movement in this country in the later nineteenth century, a county cricketer, and the leading British Marxist, was a company promoter and a keen supporter of the British Navy as well as an exponent of the 'class war'.]

HYNDMAN's long career provides a link connecting the last century to the present. He grew up with the Victorian belief in progress and prosperity, but he was one of the first to appreciate the threat to Britain's survival posed by foreign commercial and political rivalry. He was present at the inception of many great causes, and saw their growth and transformation in his own lifetime. His childhood memories went back to the great days of the Chartist movement, yet he lived to see the Labour Party coming to maturity. He sought the friendship of Marx when Marx was almost unknown in Britain, and in his old age he became one of the bitterest critics of Lenin. He knew Mazzini, admired Cavour, and kept up his sympathy

with the Italian nationalist movement until Mussolini's influence perverted it. Two great landmarks of modern Indian history—the Mutiny and the beginning of Gandhi's "Satyagraha" movement—fell in his lifetime, and his support for Indian self-government was consistent throughout. Thus the events and personalities that were woven into his life illustrate the extent to which his works and interests have relevance to our own time.

'One of the unique features of Hyndman's character was his ability to reconcile his business activities, mostly of a very speculative character, with his role as a Socialist who aspired to lead the proletariat to its millennium. Yet the paradox is not so extraordinary as it seems. His knowledge of international finance gave him an insight into the weaknesses of the capitalist system, and this in part explains his conversion to Socialism. What wealth he had at his disposal he used to finance his political activities: the only trouble was that there was never enough of it. Frequently, lack of attention to business or too extravagant political expenditure left him in difficulties, and he and his wife had to cut their personal expenses.

'The abiding impression of Hyndman's character, however, is not that he made great sacrifices for the cause, but rather that he fulfilled himself in fighting for it. A tremendously vigorous, restless, and loquacious man, he could dispose of much of his surplus energy by ceaseless political agitation. A reviewer of his first volume of memoirs pointed out that he gave "the impression of a man who is always talking";<sup>1</sup> and H. S. Salt, a fellow-Socialist, has told how he travelled with him by train from Kent to London, "and he talked and talked till between his oration and the swaying of the train I was actually dizzy".<sup>2</sup> Another Socialist has described his platform method as follows:

'His undisguised appreciation of his own talent for sarcastic witticism was highly infectious, and immensely delighted those who happened to agree with him. He, however, often repelled possible converts by his habit, fatal in a propagandist, of mistaking innocent inquirers for subtle adversaries and scoring off them unmercifully.<sup>3</sup>

'With these characteristics Hyndman was not likely to get on well with his colleagues or to enjoy the give and take of genuine collective decision. . . .

'The fact that he was by family background and by political instinct a Tory rather than a Liberal marked him off from the great bulk of working-

<sup>1</sup> *Times Literary Supplement*, 5 Oct. 1911.

<sup>2</sup> H. S. Salt, *Company I Have Kept* (1930), p. 92.

<sup>3</sup> W. S. Sanders, *Early Socialist Days* (1927), p. 34.

ass Radicals. His early work for the *Pall Mall Gazette* in its days of independent Conservatism was paralleled later by his association with the *Morning Post*; and he always had a great dislike of Gladstonianism. . . .

'The most obviously Tory characteristic of Hyndman's belief was, of course, his emphasis upon the importance of maintaining British national power and on developing the Empire. For him, Socialism could not have the same implications as it had for its Continental exponents. "Hyndman's Marxism", wrote Kautsky, "is no imported product, 'Made in Germany', but a genuine British growth." This did not necessarily mean perversion of Marxism: in Bernstein's view Hyndman's patriotic feeling did not go "beyond the degree to which it is still possible to combine with a good internationalism. He is by no means any more nationalist than Karl Marx and Giuseppe Mazzini whom he respects as his political masters". And on another occasion Bernstein said that Hyndman's apparent jingoism "would have survived the strictest Socialist criticism". Thus the two most distinguished German Socialist theorists of Hyndman's own generation were both prepared to verify his credentials. . . .

'Hyndman was a true adventurer: he was prepared for anything. This made him at once a romantic and a realist. For most of the time, he was prepared to work on the assumption that reform would come gradually, piecemeal legislation. But he would not have been surprised by the onset of a revolution. As time went on, he was disappointed that progress towards the Socialist ideal was so slow: but this disappointment he shared with many of the leading Socialists of his time, including the very shrewd and cynical Bernard Shaw. At the end of his life he enjoyed collaboration with Sidney Webb in the humdrum work of the War Emergency Workers' National Committee: yet his last letters were full of talk about "the approaching cataclysm" and even "the opening of the Seventh Seal".

'Hyndman was a personally ambitious man, and yet he never got into Parliament. Was it his principles which kept him out? Hardly: he could be very opportunistic when occasion demanded. As much as anything, it was a matter of character. He lacked many of the essential political virtues, such as tact, a willingness to listen to other people, and a capacity to suffer fools gladly. As Shaw felicitously pointed out, he was a man without hypocrisy or any pretence of superiority to hearty illwill". Such a man may win the devotion of a minority, but he is not likely to win the approval of the British electorate.'

From H. M. HYNDMAN AND BRITISH SOCIALISM. By Chushichi Tsuzuki. Edited by Henry Pelling. OXFORD: AT THE CLARENDON PRESS.





## OBITER SCRIPTA

THE publishing world was saddened by the death on 1 April of Sir Geoffrey Faber. When Faber came down from Oxford with a double first in 1912 he followed the example of his friends Michael Sadler and Jack Heinemann and went in for publishing. On 1 January 1913 he arrived at Amen Corner, in Paternoster Row, to start work as Humphrey Milford's lieutenant. He left 21 months later, his apprenticeship terminated by the outbreak of war. His own entertaining and instructive account of that apprenticeship was published in two successive issues of *The Bookseller* for 10 and 17 January 1953, forty years later, from which we take two stories that tell us a great deal about Faber, Milford, and O.U.P. before World War I:

'My catalogue was finished. There was nothing, or almost nothing, for me to do. . . . One morning, I came to the end of my endurance. I left my desk, went through the show-room, up the steps to Milford's room and knocked at the door. "Hah, Faber! What is it?" "I have finished that catalogue, sir. May I have something else to do?" There was a short but very highly charged silence. "I don't engage first-class men to ask me to tell them what to do. Your brain ought to be pullulating with ideas. Go away and use it."

'In the whole of the O.U.P. organization in those days, Milford not excepted, Fred Hall [later Printer to the University] was the only person who knew how to draw up an estimate. . . . I used

to consult him from time to time, and by degrees he began to talk freely to me. "What you must do," he said, "is to get Milford to send you down to the Clarendon Press for six months. I'm not going to be here for always; and it's a shocking state of affairs that nobody else in the place knows the first thing about printing or binding or paper." The more I considered this advice, the more sensible it seemed. To approach Milford with a request which implied any criticism of the existing system wasn't so easy. Once bitten, twice shy. However, eventually, I took my courage in both hands and suggested that it might be useful if I went to Oxford to learn something about book-production. My suggestion was turned down at once, with one of Milford's trenchant, characteristic sentences: "A first-class man is a Greek among the barbarians."



THE death on 11 March at the age of 80 of Miss Helen Darbishire, C.B.E., deprived the Press of an old and valued friend and adviser. Her central work was on Wordsworth, where she took on the mantle of her admired teacher Ernest de Selincourt and brilliantly completed his pioneer studies. Her editions of Wordsworth and Milton became definitive. Her most recent undertaking was the masterly World's Classics selection from Dorothy Wordsworth's Journals. Only a few days before her death she sent from her Grasmere home a short note on

another Wordsworthian for inclusion in *The Periodical*. Her suggested wording is: 'The sudden death, through a bicycle accident, of Mrs. Beatrix Hogan is a serious blow to Wordsworthian studies. She and her husband Mr. John P. Hogan were entrusted with the editing of a revised edition of the Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth. She had proved herself an accurate and reliable scholar with a deep and increasing knowledge of Wordsworth, and has been in touch with Wordsworth scholars both at home and abroad.' Sadly, we record both deaths.

Two books on British Honduras are to be published this summer under the aegis of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, each admirably complementing the other. *The Diplomatic History of British Honduras 1683-1901* is by R. A. Humphreys, Professor of Latin American History in the University of London, and an essential study for any understanding of the present-day dispute between Britain and Guatemala. *British Honduras: A Historical and Contemporary Survey*, by D. A. G. Waddell, lecturer in Modern History in the University of Edinburgh, discusses the serious social and economic problems which, together with the uncertain political outlook, make the future course of the colony a matter for some concern.

AMONG the technical publications of the press this summer are two by the same author, Mr. R. D. Park, Principal of the Dorsetshire Farm Institute. In *Animal Husbandry* he has had the co-operation of Mr. L. Coutts and Mr. P. J. Hodgkiss; in *Crop Husbandry* his helpers have been Mr. A. G. Harris and Mr. T. Jones. Both books are lavishly illustrated with plates and line drawings; both are intended for

agricultural students, and follow closely the examination syllabuses of the City and Guilds of London Institute. They should also appeal to a larger public, both those actively farming and those who want to know how the farmer uses his land to produce our food.

'GOOD, clean writing should be like a taut rope pulling the meaning tight. There should be no unnecessary slack, no loops or wrinkles that are doing no work of pulling.' Professor Warner's *A Short Guide to English Style* is intended for the foreign student of English, but its sound and serious advice on the problems of writing 'clean English' should make it a steady seller in British bookshops. Examples of good and bad style, taken from newspapers, students' essays, magazines, advertisements, and technical journals, are presented with humour and skill. This is a timely little book.

*The Concise Dictionary of National Biography*, containing epitomes of all the lives in the main work and its twentieth-century supplements, was originally published in 1920, in one volume. New editions, incorporating subsequent twentieth-century decades, were issued in 1930 and 1939. In 1952 the book was split into two volumes. The first, containing epitomes of lives in the main work down to 1900, has been available since then. The second volume, now to be published, is sub-titled *Twentieth Century 1901-1950*, and contains epitomes of lives in all the twentieth-century supplements. It also contains a valuable new feature: an index of select subjects. This second volume will be revised every ten years, to incorporate each new supplement to the main work as it appears.

DR. NORMAN H. BAYNES, the distinguished author of *Byzantium: an introduction to East Roman Civilization*, died on 12 February of this year, two months before this masterly work was reprinted in the Oxford Paperbacks. *Byzantium*, in which he had the collaboration of H. St. L. B. Moss, has been described as a major event in the history of Byzantine studies in England. The introduction is brilliant in its summing-up of the essence of Byzantium and its description of what it gave to the world. It is to be regretted that Baynes did not live to see it find the wider audience it is now captivating in its paperback edition.

‘WITH disarming modesty and warmth, Professor Arnold Toynbee submitted to a writer’s nightmare yesterday. He sipped sherry at a cocktail reception where the guests included a dozen writers and historians who have publicly criticized his work, sometimes with goodwill, sometimes with outraged scorn.’ The quotation is from *The New York Times* of the day upon which Toynbee’s *Reconsiderations*, Volume XII of *A Study of History*, was published simultaneously in Britain and the United States. The ‘nightmare’ was a party at the Oxford University Press, New York, office on Fifth Avenue, and the guests did indeed include some of the historian’s sternest

critics. The Bibliography of the book devotes some ten pages to listing all of them, and their critiques. *The New York Times* reports Toynbee as saying at the party, ‘Some critics just want to bludgeon, get a knife into you, and you can’t do much with them. But some are concerned to advance the cause of knowledge. Then, however severe they are, I pay great attention to what they say, and I try to think again because of what they have said. They keep one’s mind on the move. What’s fatal is to keep defending your past positions.’

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS and Frank Cooper, Ltd., makers of Oxford Marmalade, were visited in February by Mr. C. M. Woodhouse, M.P. for Oxford. He came to convey the congratulations of Mr. Maudling, President of the Board of Trade, on their export figures.

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Thinks very well of marmalade;  
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